

Hard Not To

\$6.

No.
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Adults
Only



Shit! Just two weeks on the job and I get called on the carpet for fucking up. I had to report to the foreman's house last night. If he was gonna fire me he woulda done it on the spot, so I figured I was in for a bawling out.

I was prepared to eat crow, because it was a good job, easy work, and with some wild fringe benefits.

A kid from the office would come into the stockroom and hand me an order. I filled it, and piled the stuff on the packing desk, and waited for the next order. That's all there is to it.

When this kid, Tom, handed me the first few orders, he followed me around to be sure I got them right. After quite a few, he was still following me. I told him I wouldn't have any more trouble finding things. He said he wasn't

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THE FOREMAN'S REQUEST







checking up on me; he had lots of time to kill, and if they needed him, they'd call over the intercom.

On the third day there, he handed me an order for one ME. The stock codes only had one letter in them, followed by four or five numbers, so I couldn't figure it out. He said he would show me.

He took me to the farthest corner of the warehouse and told me to climb the ladder. We were in the X-Y-Z section. I looked around but couldn't see any ME marker.

He told me to go up another rung. I did and I felt something lightly rubbing my crotch. I looked down and Tom was standing under the ladder, feeling me up. I sorta froze. So did my cock. It froze stiff.

He pulled down my zipper and reached inside. He had a struggle on his hands, but he managed to pull my cock out. It was so hard I thought it was gonna break off.

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All I could do was get a tight grip on the ladder. I felt his warm breath and then his wet tongue. He licked it like a lollipop. His tongue made long strokes from the base up to the head. Then he tickled the head with a lot of lithe, fast licks, then another long lick all the way down.

I didn't know what to make of this, my mind was damned confused. I'd never heard of anybody doing this, especially one man to another. I came from a small town and all I'd ever heard about sex was that a man stuck his cock in a woman's cunt. Men like it and women don't. It's supposed to be dirty, unless they're married and trying to have babies.

But maybe that isn't all true. I've been beating my meat for years and that was supposed to make me sick or something, but I'm healthy as an ox and it sure feels good.





What Tom was doing felt good too. Then he put the head into his mouth. He sorta chewed lightly for a while, then went all the way down to my belly. My whole cock was in his mouth. He started raising and lowering his head. I'd never felt anything so good. It sure felt better than my fist ever had.

After a while, I realized that Tom wasn't the only one working. My hips were going back and forth like a fencepost digger. They were slamming into Tom's face so hard, I was afraid of hurting him, but I couldn't get them to slow down. They had a life of their own and weren't about to be told what to do.

I could feel myself cumming. I shut my eyes and got a tighter grip on the ladder. I felt like I was gonna scream but I managed to hold it back. Tom's arms were around my waist and he pushed

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me as far into him as it was possible to go. I could feel squirt after squirt shooting down his throat.

He stayed locked to me until the last drop was drained and my cock was completely soft. Then he licked it clean and stuffed it back into my pants.

I held onto the ladder for a few minutes, trying to catch my breath. Then I said, "I can't see any ME up here."

He laughed and said that ME meant "me" and that I had already had him.

I thanked him for what he had done to me and told him I'd like to do the same for him. He sounded surprised that I would exchange the favor, but said we'd have to wait till later, we couldn't take too much time all at once.

It was about two hours later



when Tom came back with an order for another ME.

I was grinning like an idiot as he followed me to the back corner. When we got there, he threw his arms around me and kissed me. He was rubbing his crotch into mine, and it wasn't long before I was hard again. He dropped one hand and felt my cock through my pants, so I did the same to him. I couldn't wait to feel it in the flesh, so I pulled his zipper down. He unbuckled his belt and pushed his pants and Jockey shorts all the way down to his ankles.

Then he sat on a cardboard carton. I knelt down in front of him and examined his cock at close range. I'd never seen a cock that close, especially a hard one. I pushed it around to see it from all sides. He was kinda moaning.

I stuck out my tongue and licked the tip. His cock kept jerking around every time I touched it. I ran my tongue all over the head and then around the ridge behind it. Every time I touched the bottom of the head, his cock jerked so hard it hit me in the nose. Then I ran my tongue up and down, from the tip to the base, and back again.

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I was fascinated by the closeup sight of his balls. I started to lick them. He was moaning louder now.

I played with his balls for a while. I lifted one, then the other, then both. I ran my tongue all over them and took them in my mouth, first one at a time, then both together.

Tom was squirming around and spreading his legs wider. I pushed my tongue under his balls and as far back as it could reach, until I thought I was touching his asshole. I was afraid he wouldn't like that so I came back up to his prick. Some drops of liquid were oozing out of the tip so I licked it off and tasted it. It wasn't bad at all.

Then I went to work and tried to do everything exactly as he had done it to me. I chewed the head a little, then tried to slide my mouth all the way down. I couldn't get all the way at first, so

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I pulled back and slammed down harder and harder each time. I managed a little more distance each time and realized that I would have to relax my throat in order to go farther. I did, and it worked. In fact I hurt my nose as it jammed down against his belly.

I took it a little easier, but his pubic hair tickled my nose on every downstroke.

Then Tom's hips started that same ramming motion that mine had earlier. It became even easier when he did that. My head only had to travel half as far, and my throat stayed more relaxed.

But my tongue never relaxed. It was curious to feel every part of that sliding cock, and it kept wrapping itself around it, first one way, then the other.

Suddenly, Tom gave a grunt and grabbed my head. With his two hands he pushed my face tightly against his belly. His hips

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